

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

SOME POINTERS ON DILLON AND MORAN

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

With Good Weather the Dillon-Moran Fight Should Break All Recent Attendance Records.

THIS is the week of the Dillon-Moran fight. It is scheduled for next Thursday night at Washington Park, Brooklyn. The splendid grandstands built by the Wards for the Brooklyn Yards make an ideal boxing arena. Even rain would make very little difference except to those who hope to occupy seats at the Ring. The Washington Park is well located for the Fourth Avenue subway line has a station at the door, only ten minutes' ride from the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge.

With good weather this fight should break all recent attendance records. It will have one great feature that has been sadly lacking in other recent championship events of the past few years. It is quite safe to say that both men will actually fight. Neither has a championship to lose, and each has all the time to gain by being re-scheduled an undisputed victor.

It is easy to do up the Moran-Dillon scrap in favor of either man.

Take Moran first. He can't be beaten by Dillon, of course, for didn't big Jess Willard hit him hard enough to knock out a mile? Jess didn't miss Frank once in ten rounds. He jabbed him until his head bobbed about like a dancing ball on a shooting gallery fountain. He uppercut him several times, and every spectator expected to see Frank turn a complete somersault and fall on the press table. He hit Frank on the head so hard that he broke his own right hand. It was bone meet bone, and Jess cracked. He knocked Frank groggy, and then when people were reaching for their hats and remarking that it was a shame to match a smaller man against a great big beef like Jess, while Frank swung one back and hit Jess on the ear. He swung left and right, left and right, and again while big Jess leaned back and rolled his head with the blows, waiting for Frank to grow weary. Of course, Frank didn't hurt Willard in the least—but what merely human man can hurt a Kansas giant, anyhow? Frank took a heavy mauling and fought back with all the desperate courage of a man who expects to win with a knockout in the next half minute if the bell doesn't ring. That's the point. Two hundred and fifty-nine pounds of fighting, and the best educated heavyweight in the world, who didn't flatten Frank Moran—or even discourage him excessively—fought him out. He outlasted Moran completely, but the interesting thing about it is that Frank didn't know it. He didn't realize it, he simply couldn't see. Why, next day Frank was even talking to people about how lucky Jess was that the seventh round was only three minutes long. Can you see?

Moran too stayed twenty rounds with Jack Johnson, who felt peevish. And after that, how can a little fellow like Dillon, who on Thursday evening will weigh just about ninety-five pounds less than Willard weighed, make any impression at all upon the blond warrior from Pittsburgh?

And of course, there is the Moran "kick," noted in local ring history. Moran beat up Al Palmer so badly in seven rounds that Palmer retired thereafter to that dear Minnesota, where he could make a living running a harvester between fights. Then Moran went to Europe. He knocked out Bombarier. Willie Wells had been knocked out by Palmer, and twice by middleweight Carpenter, so he was used to it, and Moran didn't perform any extraordinary feat on that occasion. But as came back to America and played a couple that counted. He fought Jim Coffey. Jim was a big young Irishman from Dublin, and a lot of people thought he could fight. He was a couple of inches taller than Moran, and he had been knocking out some of his opponents in pretty fair style. He was an easy, shifty boxer with a good enough punch, being knocked for a fight with Willard. He might have had that fight too but for Moran. Frank intervened.

Frank was fat. He was too fat to fight. It seemed. For a round or two he whaled him. Moran was tottering. He was puffing. His face looked apoplectic. People around the ring were much amused. Jim took on with a look of a kid like a Jim. Then Jim's right hand, Jim took a pasty gray. Crash! Moran's right landed resoundingly on Jim's jaw. Jim struggled up—but he had been counted out—and anyway

Referee Bill Brown would have stepped in to save him, as he was helpless. They fought again. Moran was trim and thin waistline this time. He was fit. Coffey, well coached, slashed at him from a distance, and pumped in some very wicked uppercuts. Frank's blond head bobbed. But at last overcame the right, and Coffey was whipped again. And why shouldn't a crack that would flatten 6 feet 3 inches of Jim Coffey flatten 5 feet 8 1/2 inches of Jack Dillon?

Referee Bill Brown would have stepped in to save him, as he was helpless. They fought again. Moran was trim and thin waistline this time. He was fit. Coffey, well coached, slashed at him from a distance, and pumped in some very wicked uppercuts. Frank's blond head bobbed. But at last overcame the right, and Coffey was whipped again. And why shouldn't a crack that would flatten 6 feet 3 inches of Jim Coffey flatten 5 feet 8 1/2 inches of Jack Dillon?

That isn't all, either. There is our Charlie Weinert—every promoter of the boxing game knows him. He is Jim Coffey, tough and game as they come. Charlie fought Dillon in Philadelphia. Dillon swung his right and hit Charlie on the forehead, broke his nose, and the impact of that blow lifted Charlie from his feet, threw him over the ropes and out of the ring, and cracked his breast bone. They didn't have to count over him. They carried him out. Again, Dillon gave Weinert a return match in New York. This time, in the fifth round, he sent in a rib-crusher that nearly paralyzed Weinert's legs, and Charlie did wonderfully well to stick out the ten rounds. He was soundly beaten. Dillon made such an impression upon Weinert that to this day Charlie says he'd delight in fighting Willard, Moran, Coffey, etc., but he prefers having another year in which to mature and perfect his fighting style before mauling again with that rough Jack Dillon.

Also—and yet again—there is our pal Ray Levisky. We like him because he's the real thing. He's clever, fast, game as a man possibly can be, and willing to fight anybody. He's covered with the scars of his freely that he thinks Dillon the toughest opponent in the world. No one else ever gave Levisky a scratch.

Of these men I doubt that Coffey would have more than a barely possible chance to stay ten rounds with Moran. But Levisky would be very likely to outpoint him easily in ten rounds. Weinert would have a fair chance to beat Moran because of his much greater speed and his ability to take punch like a champion. Jim Coffey here we have men that Dillon can beat easily and beat any time, who would have a chance against Moran.

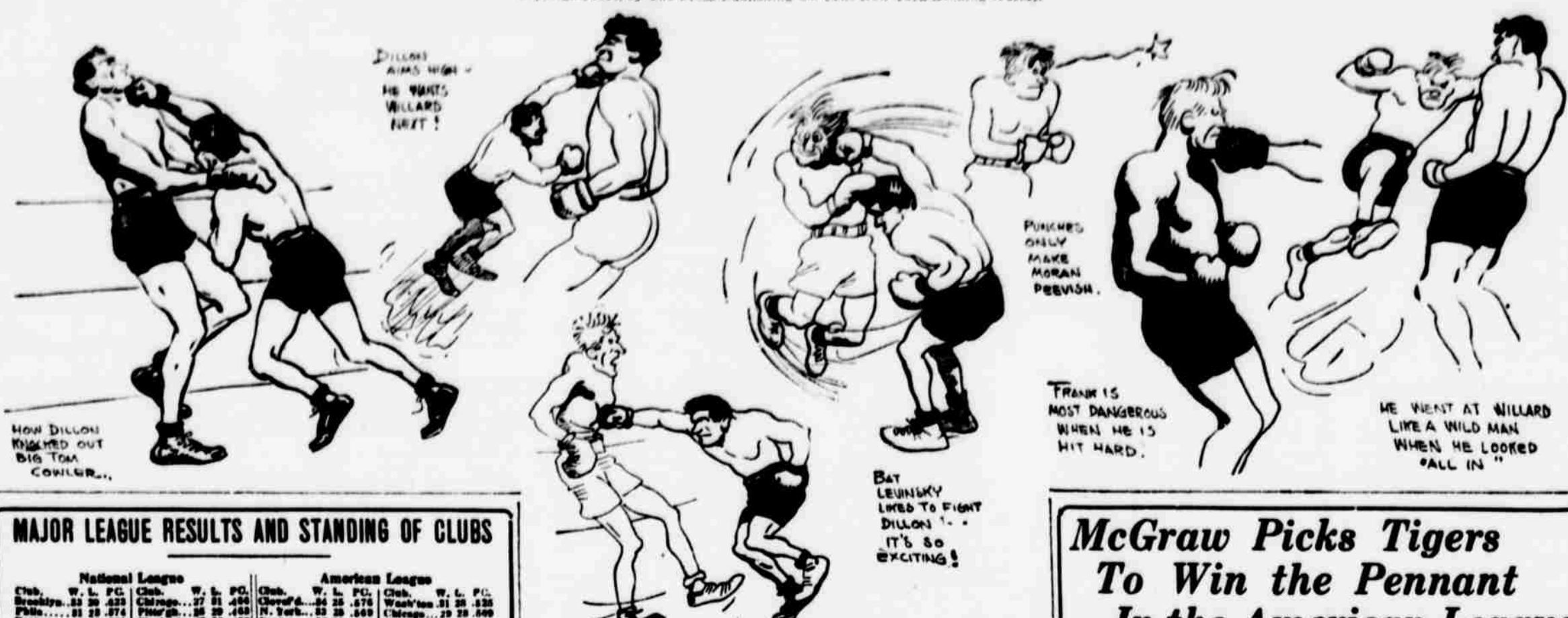
On this dope we can base only one conclusion, it should be a whale of a fight.

The man who takes the good things of life moderately is invariably the successful man.

Because he is clear-headed enough to be moderate, he is clear-headed enough to keep on the road to success.

His judgment tells him to drink moderately—drink only that wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey—Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle



MAJOR LEAGUE RESULTS AND STANDING OF CLUBS

National League W. L. P. C. **American League** W. L. P. C.

Results of Games Yesterday.

Games To-Day.

Fistic News and Gossip By John Pollock

Nearly 100 Golfers to Play For National Open Title

Hagen, McLeod, Kerrigan and Sargent Added Starters for Tourney, Which Opens at Minneapolis To-Morrow.

TO-MORROW'S PAIRINGS FOR INAUGURATION OF THE NATIONAL OPEN.

McGraw Picks Tigers To Win the Pennant In the American League

New York Leader Thinks the Other Contenders Are Red Sox, White Sox, and Possibly Washington, but Doesn't Figure Yanks or Cleveland Have More Than Outside Chance.

By John J. McGraw. (Manager of New York Nationals.)

Answers to Queries.

DAILY REVIEW OF BIG LEAGUE RACES

Yankees Now Ready for Big Drive Into First Place

Entire New York American Team in Shape, and Thanks to Four Straight Victories Over Senators the Club is Only a Half Game Behind Cleveland.

By Bozeman Bulger.

Summer Clothes At Summer Prices

Previous to stock taking we have made a number of interesting reductions. You can save from \$5 to \$15 on a suit if you buy now. There is a larger variety to select from in these "marked-down" fabrics than many tailors carry at mid-season. Notwithstanding the low price—fit, finish, and complete satisfaction are strictly guaranteed.

SUIT TO MEASURE, \$25

Blue serges guaranteed strictly fast color, \$20. White or striped flannel trousers, \$5 and up. Samples on request.

Arnheim

TWO STORES

30 E. 42D ST., BET. FIFTH & MADISON AVES.

Exclusively Custom Made Clothes, \$20 to \$50

THE WHISKEY FOR WHICH WE INVENTED THE NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 311 Fifth Ave., N.Y. That's All!

FINAL COLLEGE STANDING.

THE BROOKLYN DERBY WILL BE RUN

THE BROOKLYN DERBY WILL BE RUN

THE BROOKLYN DERBY WILL BE RUN

THE BROOKLYN DERBY WILL BE RUN

THE BROOKLYN DERBY WILL BE RUN

THE BROOKLYN DERBY WILL BE RUN

THE BROOKLYN DERBY WILL BE RUN

THE BROOKLYN DERBY WILL BE RUN

THE BROOKLYN DERBY WILL BE RUN

THE BROOKLYN DERBY WILL BE RUN

THE BROOKLYN DERBY WILL BE RUN

THE BROOKLYN DERBY WILL BE RUN

THE BROOKLYN DERBY WILL BE RUN

THE BROOKLYN DERBY WILL BE RUN